

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 48—No. 45.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1870.

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5d. Stamped.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA. COVENT GARDEN.

SHORT SERIES OF OPERATIC PERFORMANCES.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), November 5th, will be performed for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera, WEBER's Opera, "OBERON." Sie Huon, Signor Fancelli; Oberon, Signor Bettini; Scherazinda, Signor Cotogni; Babeikan, Signor Tagliafico; Il Califo, Signor Caravoglia; Puck, Mdlle. Scalchi; Mermaid, Mdlle. Bauermeister; Fatima, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Rezia, Mdlle. Tietjens. Conductor—Signor ARDTI.

NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY NEXT, November 7, Mozart's Opera, "IL DON GIOVANNI." Zerlina, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Elvira, Mdlle. Siniro; Don Ottavio, Signor Bettini; Don Giovanni, Signor Cotogni; Leporello, Signor Ciampi; Masetto, Signor Tagliafico; Il Commendatore, Signor Poli; and Donna Anna, Mdlle. Tietjens. Conductor—Signor ARDTI.

TUESDAY NEXT, November 8, Rossini's Opera, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Rosina, Mdlle. Leon-Daval (her first appearance).

THURSDAY NEXT, November 10, WEBER's Opera, "OBERON." (Refer above.)

SATURDAY NEXT, November 12, BELLINI's Opera, "NORMA." To be followed by two acts of AUBER's Opera, "MASANIENGO."

Stage Manager Mr. A. HARRIS.

The nights of performance in each week are Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

The usual restrictions as to evening dress are not enforced.

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CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY (Saturday).—CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE. Miss Edith Wynne, Mdm. Patey Whytock, Mr. Nelson Varley, Mr. Patey, Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor, Mr. MANNS.

Beethoven's Mass in C and Overture in C; Mendelssohn's Overture, "Athalia;"

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MEMBERS meet on the First THURSDAY in the Month, at 7.30, when papers are read and Vocal and Instrumental Music performed. Musical Library and other advantages. Subscription, 5s. per annum. Students' Classes now formed; for terms send for Syllabus. Popular Harmony Class just commenced, meets on Saturdays at Half-past Five. Fee to Subscribers, 10s. 6d. per term. Circular detailing the objects of the College obtainable of the Secretary.

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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,
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HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS CHRISTIAN,
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.
President—THE EARL OF DUDLEY.
Principal—PROFESSOR W. STERNDALE BENNETT.

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By Order, JOHN GILL, Secretary.

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[Nov. 5, 1870.]

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London: DUNCAN DAVISON & CO., 244, Regent Street, W.

MR. CHORLEY AND ST. PETER.

(From the "Sunday Times," Oct. 30.)

When answering a letter which recently appeared in these columns, Mr. Henry F. Chorley stated, with evident relish, that no part of the story of *St. Peter*, as told by himself, had been refuted or even denied. We entertain no doubt of the feeling of security in which he then revelled; but, unhappily for Mr. Chorley, it was based on nothing more real than his own imaginings. With an eagerness astonishing in a veteran, Mr. Chorley assumed that the writer of the letter aforesaid was speaking on Mr. Benedict's behalf as well as his own, and that if little reference was made to Mr. Chorley's accusations against Mr. Benedict it was because they were unanswered. The wish which fathered these thoughts begat a most misleading offspring. Our correspondent, like Hal-o'-the-Wynd, "fought for his own hand," Mr. Benedict, knowing nothing of his intentions, and being prejudiced neither by what he said nor by what he left unsaid. Mr. Chorley is not a cautious tactician, or he would have taken steps to discover this fact before celebrating a fancied victory with a premature war-whoop. By this time he has found out his mistake. Mr. Benedict was in no haste to close with Mr. Chorley; calling to mind, perhaps, the adage which speaks of giving certain people "rope enough." It may also be that the composer shrank from open warfare with an old *collaborateur*, about a private transaction which ought never to have been dragged before the public eye. There is a line, however, beyond which forbearance cannot go, no matter who or what the assailant; and Mr. Chorley's latest and most intemperate communication to the *Athenaeum* absolutely demanded a reply. Hence the following letter which appears in the current number of Mr. Chorley's organ:—

"To the Editor of the 'Athenaeum.'

" 2, Manchester Square, Oct. 20, 1870.—In answer to two communications, signed 'H. F. Chorley' recently published in the *Athenaeum*, I beg to submit a simple statement of facts. Nearly thirteen years ago Mr. Chorley expressed to me his surprise that, as conductor of the Norwich Festivals ever since 1845, I had not seized the opportunity of composing an important work for one of those meetings, signifying also his willingness to furnish me with a libretto. On the 11th of April, 1853, I mentioned to him two subjects, one of which, viz., *St. Peter*, he approved of. I explained my views of the form of libretto, constructed upon *St. Peter's* life, which I consider most amenable to musical treatment, and Mr. Chorley promised to take them into consideration. The terms proposed by Mr. Chorley, viz., a certain sum—the first half to be paid to him on the completion of the first part, the second half on the completion of the work—were verbally agreed upon. We were at that time on such terms that no reference was ever made to a written agreement. 'The words,' said Mr. Chorley, 'will belong to you; you may do with them as you like; set them to music, lay them aside, or destroy them.' Within twelve days after our conversation I received from Mr. Chorley the first part of his libretto, and paid him the first instalment (23rd of April, 1853). The complete book, being entirely a compilation from the Scriptures, was finished by the middle of June, 1853. I then contemplated having my oratorio ready for the Norwich Festival of 1860, being pledged to the Committee to produce some new work for that occasion. Finding, however, certain alterations in the libretto of *St. Peter* indispensable to the effective musical setting, as I conceived it, I applied to Mr. Chorley to make them, and his refusal to accede to my suggestions was the reason of the oratorio not being composed for the occasion intended.

" Under these circumstances *St. Peter* was laid aside for seven years. In the winter of 1865-6, however, the Committee of the Norwich Festival applied to me to write a sacred composition for their next meeting. Upon this I again had recourse to Mr. Chorley, suggesting such modifications in his libretto as might enable me to set it in a manner which, according to my own feelings, was most advantageous to musical effect. Mr. Chorley promised to reconsider the work, and to make such alterations as, on reflection, he might deem improvements, but, after attentive perusal, he came to the conclusion that no change could be made for the better, and would only consent to a curtailment here and there, to avoid undue length. The result was, that having pledged myself to write a sacred work for the Festival in question, I asked Mr. Chorley to co-operate with me in a Cantata, to which he agreed, and at his own pro-position, in a letter, dated the 19th of December, 1865 (to which I shall make further reference), *St. Cecilia* was substituted for *St. Peter*.

" In 1869, at the friendly suggestion of Sir Michael Costa, I wrote to Mr. Richard Peyton, chairman of the Orchestral Committee of the Birmingham Festival, on February 17th, expressing a wish to have an Oratorio, upon which I was then engaged, performed at the Festival of 1870. The answer I received from the Committee, through Mr. Peyton (dated April 26th, 1869), was favourable to my proposal and conveyed to me a wish on the part of the Committee, to be made acquainted, among other things unnecessary to specify, with the subject upon which my Oratorio was founded, and, if possible, that the book should be sent for their approval. In the interim I wrote to Mr. Chorley (March 25th, 1869), telling him what proceedings I had taken with regard to *St. Peter*, at Birmingham. In his reply (March 27th, 1869), he wrote as follows:—

" I had entirely forgotten that you have an Oratorio book of mine till your note recalled the fact to me, and then it was long ere I could recollect the story. I should be glad to see it on my return. I may, however, have a rough copy somewhere, and will try to revive my interest in what is virtually for me a dead thing."

" Nevertheless, our last conference on the subject of *St. Peter* took place so recently as the winter of 1865-6, which the following extract from a letter addressed to me by Mr. Chorley, dated 19th of December, 1865, proves:—

" Why not compose the first part of *St. Peter*, 'Christ on the sea-shore,' as Berlioz did his *Flight into Egypt*? When you have finished the first and second parts of the Oratorio I will then look again at the third. At present I am indisposed to give any labour to be laid aside for five years to come. I say this in no ill-nature, but because I have much on hand, and less power to work than formerly."

" In reply to Mr. Peyton's letter of April 26th, already referred to, I communicated to him the subject of the Oratorio, according to the Committee's desire. On May the 13th I received a letter from Mr. Peyton, containing the passage subjoined:—

" Would it also not be an advantage, irrespective of the question of length, if some character could be introduced for a principal soprano. I make this latter inquiry, having seen a rough copy of the book (belonging to Mr. Chorley), in which it appeared that this important element of interest was wanting. Possibly, however, this has already been altered in the modified work: in any case, if you think well to afford the Committee the opportunity of seeing the book on Saturday, I am sure they would be glad to do so."

" Here let me observe that I knew nothing of any modification. However, the book as it stood was sent in, and the subject approved. Mr. Chorley being absent from London nearly four months, I had no further communication with him on the subject of *St. Peter*, although letters passed between us respecting another matter which he pressed upon me, viz., the composition of a new Cantata for the Norwich Festival of 1869. My obligation to the Birmingham Committee being imperative, I was anxious to proceed as quickly as possible with the Oratorio. I therefore consulted a concordance (as Mr. Chorley having learnt the fact from me says with perfect truth); but, being unable to satisfy myself with this very ordinary means of assistance in such cases, I applied to a literary gentleman, who entered at once into my views, and gave me several valuable suggestions, which I was authorized to submit to Mr. Chorley for approval. This led to a correspondence with Mr. Chorley, from whose letters I find it necessary to cite a few extracts. The first is from a letter dated January 14th, 1870:—

" The Birmingham Committee accepted my book, before it was entrusted to you, on your recommendation. You accepted it as it stood, with every possible time for deliberation."

" On reference to what I have already stated, it will be found that both these assertions are inexact. The second extract is from a letter, dated January 21st, 1870:—

" I have no longer the slightest interest in the work, but I will not do anything to prejudice you in your dealings with the Birmingham Committee; nor shall I mention the matter to any one save to Sir M. Costa and Mr. Dickens (friends of yours as well as mine). On the discretion of both those gentlemen I can count."

" This hardly tallies with Mr. Chorley's statement in the *Athenaeum* of October 8th, which runs thus:—'I offered to refer the matter in debate to the arbitration of two mutual friends of ours—Sir Michael Costa and the late Charles Dickens. This he' (meaning myself) 'distinctly declined.' No such offer was ever made by Mr. Chorley. If it had been, I need hardly say how readily I should have accepted it. The same letter (January 21st) contain-

the following postscript:—‘Let me add my receipt of the cheque. It shall go to the Birmingham Hospital—*anonymously*.’ The cheque (for £25) referred to above was an over-payment, inadvertently made by me; it having escaped my memory, and apparently that of Mr. Chorley, that the whole sum agreed upon (£50) for the book of *St. Peter* had been paid as far back as June, 1868. Nevertheless, Mr. Chorley sent the money to the charity—not anonymously, as he stated in his letter, but in his own name—‘H. F. Chorley—£25.’ My last extract is from a letter, dated February 28th, 1870:—‘This closes all correspondence and all personal acquaintance betwixt yourself and its writer.

“A punishment which I shall endeavour my best to survive. I trust to your well-known impartiality for the insertion of this letter, in your widely-circulated columns.

JULES BENEDICT.”

Comment upon the above may appear superfluous to any reader who has followed the controversy from its outset; nevertheless we shall place in juxtaposition, and in the smallest possible compass, certain of Mr. Chorley’s assertions and of Mr. Benedict’s replies:—

1. Mr. Chorley speaks of his libretto of *St. Peter* as a *chef-d’œuvre*, upon which he had bestowed great care and pains. *Mr. Benedict answers, that the first part was completed in twelve days.*

2. Mr. Chorley leads us to infer that he was ever consumed with anxiety about the fate of his work. *And yet, in March, last year, he had “entirely forgotten” what was virtually to him a “dead thing.”*

3. Mr. Chorley asserts that Mr. Benedict was thoroughly satisfied with the libretto. *Mr. Benedict replies that, in 1860, and again in 1866, he requested Mr. Chorley to make alterations.*

4. Mr. Chorley states that his book of *St. Peter* satisfied, and was accepted by the Committee at Birmingham, who entrusted it to Mr. Benedict to compose. *Mr. Benedict proves that the Committee were not satisfied with the book, while his entire letter is a refutation of the story about his having been “entrusted” with its composition.*

5. Mr. Chorley declares that he proposed the arbitration of Sir Michael Costa and the late Mr. Charles Dickens, which proposal Mr. Benedict “distinctly declined.” *Mr. Benedict, on the other hand, asserts that no such proposal was ever made, and quotes a passage from one of Mr. Chorley’s letters, wherein the writer states merely his determination to consult the gentlemen named.*

We might go further, but have gone far enough, and now leave the reader to form his own conclusions. Few, we apprehend, will be sorry for Mr. Chorley, who, influenced by wounded self-love, made that public which concerned the public not a whit, thus placing himself in a false position, and wilfully abandoning the slightest claim to sympathy.

A NEW MASS.

Mr. Oberthür’s mass (*St. Philipp di Neri*) was performed last Sunday at “Our Lady’s” Chapel, in the Grove Road, St. John’s Wood. There was a good choir, including, as solo singers, Miss Bailey (soprano), Madme. Laura Baxter (contralto), Mr. Reed Zarwill (tenor), and Mr. Marler (bass). Mr. Charles Hargitt presided at the organ, and the composer conducted his composition himself. The performance was excellent throughout, and the opinions expressed about the work by many who were present, amongst whom were not a few cognoscenti, were highly favourable. The “Kyrie” begins with an *andante* movement (B flat), the subject of which is afterwards taken up by a fugue, wherein the resources of counterpoint are well used. In the “Gloria,” we must especially point out the effective soprano solo, and afterwards trio, “Gratias Agimus,” as also the bass solo, “Qui tollis peccata mundi,” and in the “Credo,” the solo quartet, “Et incarnatus est,” immediately followed by the duet, “Crucifixus etiam pro nobis.” The “Sanctus” begins very solemnly, and is followed by a lovely movement, “Plenis sunt coeli.” The “Benedictus,” a very pleasing composition, begins with a duet for tenor and bass, the subject of which is afterwards taken up by the chorus, and very effectively harmonized. The “Agnus Dei” in G minor leads to the “Dona nobis” in B flat, for which the figure of the “Kyrie” is again introduced. We hear that the Mass is scored for orchestra. As “Offertorium,” the Psalm “Exaudio Deus,” also Mr. Oberthür’s composition, was performed with harp and organ accompaniment, the tenor and bass solos being given with excellent effect. The last movement is a full chorus, in which arpeggios for the harp were freely introduced. The service concluded by Haydn’s splendid Motet, “Insana et vana cura,” which was very well performed.

CHRISTINE NILSSON.

AN AMERICAN CRITICISM.

Leaving to others the task of criticizing, we shall only essay to convey to our readers what must necessarily be a very inadequate idea of the profound impression made upon us by Christine Nilsson.

We avoid criticism, simply because the fascination she exercises over us is caused by something totally apart from her possession and display of gifts common to all eminent vocalists. We may say, for instance, that her voice is rare in power and volume, that it is rich in melody and indescribably sympathetic in quality, that her management of it is faultless, that her expression is the truest, her taste the purest, that she is, in fine, a consummate artist—and yet having said all this, and elaborated it indefinitely, here, where we should have satisfactorily concluded our notice of any other singer, we feel that we have really said nothing of her—nothing that can convey to others the faintest idea of the respects in which she differs so essentially from all others.

We confess that we had almost arrived at the conviction that neither the present nor the future could bring us artists comparable to those who have charmed us in our earlier days of opera and concert-going. Memory often brought before us Jenny Lind with her marvellous volume of voice; Bosio, one of the most finished and delightful of singers; Sonag and Colson, with their rare loveliness of person and brilliant talent, and more recently Adelina and Carlotta Patti and Parepa Rosa, for all of whom we have felt an earnest admiration—yet, having heard all these and many more, we cannot discover in Nilsson the faintest resemblance to either of them.

The idea seemingly uppermost in the minds of many persons, is to compare her with Parepa; but this is an utter absurdity. As well compare the beauty of the pure and placid lake, whose surface alone is at times disturbed by a ripple, while its depths are unmoved, to the mountain torrent, or the rapid stream, in perpetual movement, resistless in power and impressive from its ever-changing aspect. Yet in both the elements are the same. Imagine a young, fair, graceful woman—a woman possessing beauty of the rarest type—at once highly intellectual and in the most degree emotional—a face whose features you forget to dissect, so absorbed are you with the infinite variety and intensity of expression by which it is characterized—a face at one moment the saddest you ever beheld, the next radiant with a brightness which startles you, so unlooked for is the change—a manner now full of dignity and tragic power, now tender and persuasive, now frank and playful and laughing—endow this creature with a voice full and pure and sweet—so sweet, that as somebody says, there are tears in it—certainly its tones touch the depth of our nature, now uttered with marvellous power, and instantly subdued to what might be called a tuneful whisper, so soft is it, and yet so distinct, as to be audible in remotest corners of the vast building, and you have a faint conception of Nilsson.

Her presence alone was a song more varied in expression, from the deepest sadness of tragic sorrow, to the highest reach of sparkling, gushing gladness and goodness of soul, than anything she sang. To see her merely was a pleasure unspeakable, and the delight we shall always have in only recalling the vision of her pure and spiritual face, will realize, better than we ever thought it could be by any mortal features, the truth of this line of Keats—

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.”

We fancied at times that her very breathing must be musical, so natural and easy did every utterance seem. Either Nilsson’s genius is so wonderful, or her art so consummate, that all she does seems but a simple and natural expression of feeling. It is evident to all who heard her, that she is a superb actress. Such scenes as those from *Hamlet* and from *Faust*, leave no room for doubt on that point, and we must hope that she will enable us to judge of her histrionic ability by appearing in opera before she leaves this country.

The ineffable grace of her action, simple without redundancy, her exquisite elocution, her deep yet controlled passion, and the magic of a voice thrilling even in a whisper—this form of Phidias with the genius of Sophocles—entirely enraptured a fastidious audience.

DRESDEN.—Herr Julius Schulhoff, who has for years followed his profession in Paris, will pass the winter here.

MUNICH.—A regular stage performance of *Die Walpurgisnacht* was to be given on the 4th of November, the day of Mendelssohn’s death.—A colossal bust of Beethoven, by Professor Conrad Knoll, has created a great sensation at the exhibition of the Art Association. Herr Franz Lachner, who, in his youth, was on intimate terms with Beethoven, says that the bust is the finest and best likeness he ever saw.—At the Royal Operahouse the following works will shortly be performed: *Iphigenie auf Tauris*, Gluck (words by Edward Devrient); *Rigoletto*, Verdi (with Mdle. Kaufmann, Herren Kindermann and Nachbaur); *Die Minnefahrten (Joconde)*, Isovard; and *Rienzi*, Herr R. Wagner, the only one of that composer’s operas not yet performed here. On the 5th December, the day of Mozart’s death, *Don Juan* is to be brought out with entirely new scenery, dresses, and decorations, besides a partly new libretto. People complained very justly that *Don Juan* and *Die Zauberflöte* had disappeared from the repertory. The reason was that the management had no scenery worthy of these two masterpieces, and they could not take the artists off Herr R. Wagner’s literary and musical marvels. However, a better era appears to be now dawning.

MR. REA'S ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS AT
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

(From a Correspondent.)

The people of Newcastle have again had the opportunity of attending one of the brilliant series of concerts provided by Mr. Rea. When some five years ago, this gentleman inaugurated orchestral concerts in Newcastle, the attempt was considered hazardous, and not a few prognosticated failure. Year after year, however, these delightful musical evenings have come and gone, and have gained a firmer hold of the musical taste of the locality. The design of twenty-four concerts on consecutive evenings, and by artists at the head of the profession in their respective departments, could only have originated in a comprehensive mind and an enthusiastic temperament; and the manner in which this idea has been carried out abundantly proves that Mr. Rea possesses the ability to execute as well as the power to conceive. His concerts have done an immense deal towards creating and disseminating a liking for orchestration; and to them we are mainly indebted for acquaintance with the symphonies of the great masters. Mr. Rea's exertions have evidently been appreciated, and we may now hope that these concerts are permanently established. The past season commenced on the 3rd October and terminated on the 29th. The subscription was fixed at two guineas for a reserved and numbered seat, while a guinea and a half admitted to any part of the hall except the two guinea seats, for all the concerts, and secured a reserved numbered seat on special nights. Non-subscribers were admitted at 2s. 6d., 1s., and 6d. on ordinary nights, and on other occasions at double those figures. Mr. Rea spared no efforts to secure the best talent in the country for his orchestra; and the success attending his indefatigable exertions will be manifest by a perusal of the subjoined list of names:—

Leader ..	Mr. J. T. Carrodus.
Accompanist ..	Mr. T. Albion Anderson.
<hr/>	
1st VIOLINS.	VOLONCELLO.
Mr. J. T. Carrodus	Mr. E. Howell
" R. Streather	" E. Woolhouse
" R. Clementi	" L. Shepherd
" A. Gibson	" Louis Waite
Sontag	CONTRA BASSI.
" Ellis Roberts	Mr. E. Ould
" Earnshaw	" S. J. Jakeway
" F. A. Carrodus	" Strugnell
2nd VIOLINS.	" H. Burnett
Mr. E. Peyton	FLUTES.
" Ch. Betts	Mr. J. Radcliffe
" C. Newing	" P. Kepell
" J. R. Wilkins	OBOI.
" Edw. Rochester	Mr. Ch. Engler
" T. Lawrence	" A. G. Chisholm
VIOLAS.	CLARINETTS.
Mr. W. H. Hann	Mr. Maycock
" W. J. Glanvill	" T. H. Grist
" G. Baird	BASSOONS.
" G. Capie	Mr. M. Raspi
" A. Lockwood	" T. Anderson
Librarian	HARP.
Conductor and Musical Director ..	Mr. H. Pheasant.
	Mr. Wm. Rea.

With such an imposing array the concerts could scarcely have been other than successful. Each executant sustained his reputation, but the solo performances of Messrs. Carrodus, Radcliff, Howell, Reynolds, Lockwood, and Phasey obtained the lion's share of applause. The programmes compared favourably with those of former years, and offered the same varied interest which has previously attracted large audiences. During the month there were performed no less than 16 symphonies, from Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Haydn, Spohr, and Schumann; 23 overtures; 35 instrumental solos; 15 selections from operas, cantatas, &c.; 10 part songs; 15 pieces of dance music; 6 marches, besides Haydn's *Seasons*, Mendelssohn's *Lauda Zion*, *The Son and Stranger*, the *finale* from his unfinished opera *Loreley*, and many other works never before heard in Newcastle. Mr. Rea was likewise very successful in his arrangements for vocal music. Among other well-known artists, there were Madame Vanzini, Miss Edith Wynne, Miss Blanche Cole, Mdlle. Jose Sherrington, Miss Katherine Poyntz, Madame Patey Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Nordblom (the new tenor), Mr. Nelson Varley, Mr. Cotte, Mr. Patey, &c. Mr. Rea's choir also appeared and contributed materially to the general effect. Mr. Sims Reeves was of course the most brilliant "star" in this vocal galaxy; but the reception accorded to Madame Vanzini was enthusiastic. This lady made her first appearance in the *finale* to *Loreley*, which she rendered with consummate skill and produced a profound impression. Her address, voice, execution, and phrasing were universally admired. Every song that she gave was boisterously encored, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the audience could be restrained from insisting upon their prerogative, when Madame Vanzini deemed it unadvisable

to comply with the vigorously expressed desire for repetition. On the second night of her engagement she sang Spohr's charming production, "Rose softly blooming" with so much acceptance that she was compelled to appear twice and bow her acknowledgments. Altogether, Madame Vanzini's singing afforded extreme pleasure, and her re-appearance in "canny Newcastle" will be looked forward to with interest. The concluding concert of the season was given on Saturday evening last, when the Town Hall was crowded to excess. The performance passed off with success, and at the close Mr. Rea, received an enthusiastic ovation from the gentlemen of the orchestra, as well as from the audience. His re-appearance being vigorously called for, he returned, and delivered a brief address. He thanked the subscribers and the public generally for the patronage accorded to him, and also the gentlemen of the orchestra for the energy they had displayed, and for never having shirked any amount of trouble in carrying the concerts to a successful issue. He also desired to express his obligations to the ladies and gentlemen of the choir; he was quite sure that those who had had the pleasure of hearing them would feel that they were a body of vocalists of whom the town may well be proud. He had very great pleasure in alluding to this, because he had received the highest praise of those vocalists from Mr. Sims Reeves, Chevalier Lemmens, and other celebrated musicians, who had expressed themselves in the warmest terms of the chorus. He looked forward to the time when they would have not only 100 but 200 voices, and then they would be second to none in the kingdom. He afterwards drew attention to the large *répertoire* presented at these concerts, and hoped next year to produce something still more worthy of patronage. The season of 1871 will be pleasantly anticipated, and we hope that Mr. Rea's zealous and disinterested labour for the advancement of music in the North will meet with that encouragement and support to which they are so eminently entitled. "Tis not in mortals to command success," but Mr. Rea assuredly deserves it.

—MDLLE. NILSSON IN AMERICA.

In its notice of the second Nilsson concert at Philadelphia (which, by the way, brought in 6,600 dollars) the *Inquirer* says:—

"The second appearance of Mdlle. Nilsson, last night, was to an audience, if possible, larger and surely more enthusiastic than before. Every part of the building seemed equally filled, and seats invariably tabooed on other occasions were eagerly sought for, and their discomforts forgotten in the exhilarating influence of the surrounding thousands of happy faces. Nilsson's appearance was the signal for great rounds of applause, at the subsiding of which she sung Gounod's 'Ave Maria.' This fine air has a most agreeable compass, and its gracefully flowing *contabile* would be grateful to almost any voice reasonably smooth, but with an organ so exceptionally even and pure throughout as that of Mdlle. Nilsson it may be supposed that the piece was given with admirable effect. Still, there was no improvement on the Handel aria of the preceding concert, for while the *tempo* was more accurate there was less of that pathos which rendered 'Angels Ever Bright and Fair' so touching.

"It was in the scene from *Hamlet* that we were best able to judge of Miss Nilsson's powers, and we doubt if any one present last night ever witnessed such a concert performance before. It was evident from the first that she would endeavour to rid herself as far as possible from the ordinary limits of concert singing, and we were at first disposed to doubt the good taste of such a hazardous undertaking; but her splendid success disarmed criticism. From the first chords of the orchestra she was a changed woman. The dramatic fire beamed from her eyes; every motion, every expressive change of her countenance helped to render the force and meaning of the score more apparent. Her vocal feats, too, were here abundant and wonderful. There were chromatic runs of the greatest accuracy, and trills on the very highest notes of the scale which were marvellous, while she sharpened the upper C of the scale with the utmost nicety and power. The whole scene was in fact a dramatic illusion. We forgot the circumscribing bounds of the concert room forgot the orchestra appliances and all else in the intense dramatic emotion of the part, until we were recalled to the concert sphere of musical experience by the usual persistent and absurd encore which followed, and which she was absolutely compelled to accept, in spite of its wretched impropriety after such a performance. At its close she was rewarded with a huge bouquet, containing the national flags of Sweden and the United States.

"The great dramatic effect of this concert-rendering of the *Hamlet* selection has only intensified the general desire of the public, and almost increased it to a demand, that Mdlle. Nilsson shall be presented to us in that more fitting sphere in which all of her greatest triumphs have been won—that of the opera. And while we would be greatly interested to hear this modern work, which next to Wagner's compositions, has occasioned the greatest amount of comment we would also plead with the management to revive here Rossini's *Otello*, in which Mdlle. Nilsson produced so brilliant an impression in London, and which has been unheard on our stage for so many years."

An Italian Opera Buffa Company will, it is said, commence a series of performances at the Lyceum Theatre, in January next.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Mr. Mapleson commenced his brief winter series of operatic performances on Monday night with genuine success. The opera selected for the occasion was *Il Flauto Magico*, an almost inexplicable extravaganza rendered immortal by its union with music in which affluence of melody truly Orphean is found combined with harmony just as divine, construction everywhere ingenious, and orchestration not less clear and transparent than rich in detail and masterly in balance. But—as all whose opinion is worth anything have long admitted—such is *Die Zauberflöte*, or *Il Flauto Magico*, the dramatic “swan-song” of Mozart; and to say another word about it at this time would be superfluous.

The opera was, on the whole, effectively cast, and the performance generally, under the direction of Signor Bevignani, up to the average mark. Mdlle. Tietjens, as Pamina, gave that delineation of Astrifiamante's daughter to which she has accustomed us, and which, long before her time, tradition had made classical. Never has the admirable artist thrown more genuine pathos into the exquisitely beautiful air, “Ah! lo so, più non m'avanza,” in which Pamina, bewailing her sad fate, invokes death to her rescue. Not less happy was Mdlle. Tietjens in the duet with Papageno—the famous “Là dove prende, amor ricetto”—in which her associate was Signor Cotogni, whose extremely correct and careful singing of all the music which Mozart has put into the mouth of the incongruous bird-catcher was duly recognized not long since. Signor Cotogni's performance on Monday more than confirmed the impression it produced when he first essayed the part at Covent Garden, and his share in the honours of the evening was by no means insignificant. Besides the encore awarded to the duet just mentioned, he obtained another in the quaint air, with accompaniment of bells—“Colomba o Tortorella” and a third in the deliciously comic duet “Pa-pa-gena! Pa-pa-gen,” with Madame Sinico, whose impersonation of the bird-catcher's wife is as sprightly and attractive as could be wished. Late as it comes in the opera, this duet was one of the sensations of the evening. Signor Bettini played Tamino; and, though apparently somewhat indisposed, gave his music, including the melodious apostrophe to Pamina's portrait (“Oh! cara immagine”) with the studied and conscientious accuracy for which he is always noted; while his accomplished partner, Madame Trebelli-Bettini, with her fine voice and artistic acquirement, aided materially in the effect of the concerted music allotted to the sable-clad attendants on the Queen of Night. The lowest voice-part in the pieces of like kind belonging to the good Genit was happily intrusted to Mdlle. Scalchi, whose companions were Mdlles. Schofield and Bauermeister, those of Madame Trebelli being Mdlles. Cruise and Madigan. The other subordinate parts were sustained more than respectably by Signors Rinaldini and Balesca, Wilford Morgan and Casaboni, Ciampi and Tagliafico—the last, as the black slave Monoostatos, exhibiting considerable vivacity.

The two most striking personages in the opera—Sarastro and his arch-enemy the Queen of Night—were represented by Signor Antonucci and Mdlle. Ima di Murska. Signor Antonucci has an imposing presence, and a voice of fair quality, if of little power; but he is hardly equal to the efficient delivery of either of the solemn airs through which Mozart imparts musical weight and dignity to the High Priest of the Temple of Isis. On the other hand, the Astrifiamante of Mdlle. di Murska has never been surpassed, if, indeed, it has been equalled, in our remembrance. With her, in a dramatic sense, the Queen of Night is by no means the abstraction, or lay figure, so frequently put forth; while her execution of the two great airs ranks legitimately among the most perfect exhibitions of contemporary art. In the last, the most elaborate and difficult, Mdlle. di Murska, as usual, transported her hearers; and so overpowering was the applause at the conclusion of the opening section that she was compelled once again to commence the air. It is a pity that so splendid and impassioned a musical outburst should not be allowed to go on right through to the end without interruption. The effect, seeing that Mdlle. di Murska declaims the last part just as finely as she does the first, would be doubly great.

The opera, which was preceded by the National Anthem (band and chorus), was evidently to the taste of a very numerous audience. *Lucrezia Borgia* was given on Tuesday, and the *Trovatore* (of course) on Thursday. The opera announced for this evening is *Oberon*.

LEIPZIG.—The Euterpe Musical Association will give ten concerts this season. Herr Volkland will be the conductor, and Herr Svendsen, from Christiania, the leader.—The Berlin Domchor will shortly give a concert here.—The concert given at the Gewandhaus for the wounded and the survivors of those who have fallen of the 12th Armee corps, was very numerously attended. Herr Carl Reinecke composed “Fest Ouverture” expressly for the occasion. Herr Gura sang an air from *Euryanthe*, together with songs by Schubert and Löwe. Mdlle. Hauff performed Mozart's D minor Concerto, and Mdlle. Bosse gave an air from *Iphigenie auf Tauris*.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

The Beethoven concerts are going on prosperously. Since our last reference to them the Symphonies Nos. 2, 3, 4, and 5 have been given. The “D major,” full of exuberant life and genial humour, with a *largo* rarely surpassed in melodious grace; the “E flat,” of colossal proportions, first christened “*Buonaparte*,” and subsequently rechristened “*Eroica*,” in which the aspiring musician unanswered established his claim to the position he has since maintained with easy pre-eminence at the head of orchestral composers; the “B flat,” prodigal of original fancy, comprising an *adagio* of ineffable beauty with a *finale*, the spirit of which seems uncontrollable; and the “C minor,” which many amateurs, not without colourable pretext, regard as “the symphony of symphonies,” have all been heard in the order which belongs to them. Each, too, has been, on the whole, superbly played, as even fastidious judges, who may object that the first movement of the “*Eroica*” and the *adagio* of the “B flat” were taken just a shade too fast, must allow. Further, we have had the overture to *Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*, a ballet (fancy Beethoven at work upon a ballet!) composed in 1800, and produced at Vienna the year following—the first of Beethoven's overtures which ever became familiar in this country; the third pianoforte concerto (in C minor), with Miss Agnes Zimmermann, a worthy executant of the solo part; and, most noticeable of all, the four overtures written for *Fidelio*,—the first three (in the key of C major), generally known as the “overtures to *Leonore*,” placed, in immediate succession, at the beginning of the concert, the last (in E), accepted for a long period as the “overture to *Fidelio*,” as though the other three had not been in existence, at the end. The introduction of these overtures in one and the same programme was tried by Mendelssohn at the Leipzig Gewandhaus, in 1840—with what complete success is recorded by Schumann in one of his most genuine criticisms. We doubt if even on that occasion, with Mendelssohn himself as conductor, the overtures were played with more careful finish or more hearty enthusiasm than at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. Manns, on Saturday afternoon, when, the great C minor symphony not excepted, they formed unquestionably the chief attraction. The close attention with which they were listened to, by the most crowded audience of the season, and the applause at the end of each, were conclusive evidences of the interest which this novel and extraordinary presentation of Beethoven had excited. Anything more instructive, indeed, to those who study the higher manifestations of genius with befitting earnestness, than to watch the development of the great musician's thoughts in that of the first three overtures—if not, as Schumann says, from an acorn to an oak, at least (comparatively), from a sapling to an oak—could hardly be imagined. Again, when finding that all which possibly could be got out of his first idea had been obtained, the bold confidence which, at the revival of *Fidelio* in 1814 (nine years after its first production), induced Beethoven to prepare a fourth overture, in a different key, in quite a different style, and yet after its manner as genuine and fine as any of the others, is a fresh source of interest to the admirers of his music. The separation of this overture from its precursors at Saturday's concert was a wise arrangement on the part of Mr. Manns.

Independently of Beethoven, the instrumental department of these concerts, as usual, has offered much to command unreservedly. No symphonies, except those of Beethoven, it is true, have been included in the programmes; but, to atoms for this, overtures of merit by other composers have been given;—as, for example, Schumann's impassioned *Genoveva*; Rossini's brilliant *Siege de Corinthe*; M. Gounod's pastoral, *Mireille*—so well played that the absence of its composer, whose appearance at the concert had been looked for, caused general regret; the well-known *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Ruy Blas* of Mendelssohn; and last, not least, Professor Sterndale Bennett's *Paradise and the Peri*, the first performance of which at the Crystal Palace Concerts was welcomed with such unanimity that, like the *Naiades* of the same composer, it may be now safely regarded as one of the future stock pieces of Mr. Manns' repertory. In addition to all this, the greatest of existing performers on the double bass, Signor Bottesini, has appeared once more, showing, by a marvellous execution of his own fantasie on themes from *Lucia di Lammermoor* that his power of astonishing and delighting an audience in equal degrees remains as of yore. Signor Bottesini was received with all the old enthusiasm.

In the vocal way the only novelties have been the *début* of Herr Nordblom, a young tenor with a good voice and much to learn; and the return of Mdlle. Corani, an old English, or rather Irish favourite, with a newly Italianized name, from whose powerful soprano voice and energetic delivery much may be reasonably expected.

BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Such an event as Italian Opera here for six nights in succession has not happened since I cannot tell when—suppose we say within the memory of that useful, if somewhat mythical being, the oldest inhabitant (a so-called) a period at once sufficiently vague and, at the same time, comprehensive. The opera which closed the short season last year, *Don Giovanni*, was the one selected to commence the present series, the *Donna Anna*, in both instances, being Mdlle. Tietjens, who now stands unrivaled in the part, and who both sang and acted with that ability to which the public has been long accustomed. As *Donna Elvira*, Madame Sinico again won the plaudits of her hearers, while Madame Trebelli-Bettini, as *Zerlina*, despite the transposition of "Batti, batti," and "Vedrai Carino," created a highly favourable impression on a Birmingham audience, before whom (strange to say) this was her first appearance. The qualifications indispensable to a complete *Don Giovanni* are so rare, that one may look in vain for one equal to the task of embodying the character to the life. That Signor Cotogni falls short of the ideal must be admitted, but he has a good voice; while, as an actor, he has wonderfully improved of late. On the whole, Sig. Cotogni's performance was creditable. Although suffering from hoarseness (which compelled the omission of "Il mio tesoro"), Sig. Bettini got through the part of *Don Ottavio* in manner that called forth general approval. As *Leporello*, Sig. Ciampi found scope for that dry humour which is associated with all he does. Signor Casaboni was *Masetto*, and the *Commendatore* found a fitting representative in Signor Tagliafico, whose name one couples unconsciously with the nameless man of stone.

In *Lucia di Lammermoor* Mdlle. Ilma di Murska again captivated her hearers (as she had done twelve months since) by her marvellous representation of the heroine, her mad scene, in particular, producing a strong sensation and great applause. Signor Fancelli, as *Edgardo*, exerted himself with effect in the malediction of the second, and dying scene of the third act. Signor Cotogni was *Henry Ashton*, and Signor Antonucci *Rimondo, Masaniello* (compressed) concluded the second night's performance.

That Mdlle. Tietjens would play *Norma* was naturally to be expected, and that her embodiment of the betrayed Druid priestess should awaken enthusiasm was equally to be looked for and equally realized. Madame Sinico, a charming *Adalgisa*, well deserved the applause bestowed upon her throughout. By persistently singing too loud, Signore Vizzani did himself and the part of *Pollione* injustice. Signor Antonucci was an imposing *Oroveso*, while Mdlle. Baumester, as *Clotilda*, and Mr. W. Morgan, as *Flavio*, were careful and effective.

With anything like a tolerable cast, *La Sonnambula* is sure to be attractive, and those who had heard Mdlle. di Murska on Tuesday evening were no less anxious to repeat the pleasure on the Thursday, when Bellini's familiar music was to be given. How well the part is suited to the gifted Hungarian lady is well known, and it would have been indeed surprising if the audience had not cordially responded to a performance both historically and socially delightful. None but a consummate mistress would ever dare those extraordinary flights, which seem almost impossible, and yet are executed with as much certainty and perfection as if they were mere ordinary scale passages. As for the acting of Mdlle. di Murska, every look, gesture, or movement was fraught with meaning, and the whole embodiment was natural and spontaneous. Mdlle. Baumester's *Lisa*, Signor Fancelli's *Elvino*, and Signor Tagliafico's *Count* were all more or less praiseworthy.

Lucrezia Borgia (like *Norma*) has become a speciality of Mdlle. Tietjens, whose conception of this Duchess of Ferrara is too well known to require comment. Anything finer than her singing in the first two acts could hardly be imagined; but, unfortunately, a sudden hoarseness (brought on by the draughts of the theatre) compelled the omission of much of the music of the last act. The part of the Duke fell to Signor Cotogni, for whose voice, however, it is too low: nevertheless, it was by no means badly sung. Signor Fancelli's *Gennaro* was fairly satisfactory, and Mdlle. Scalchi was encored in the "Brindisi."

Saturday night brought the series (which, wonderful to say, did not include the *Trovatore*) to an end, with the *Hugenots*, first time in Birmingham. His indisposition continuing, Signor Bettini had to resign *Raoul di Nangis* to Signor Vizzani, who, considering that he had never before played the character, acquitted himself well. Signor Cotogni's *Conti di Nevera* left little to desire. Signor Caravoglio, as *San Bris*, was not quite perfect, and Signor Antonucci, although looking *Marcel* well enough, fell short both in his singing and acting. Madame Sinico was a graceful and competent *Marguerite*, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini took the house by storm as *Urbano*, the "No, no, no," being rapturously encored, and the whole performance characterized by high intelligence. All trace of the hoarseness which had afflicted Mdlle. Tietjens the night before having entirely disappeared, *Valentina* was the crowning success of the week, and after the duet in the third act (with which the performance concluded) the recall and applause were enthusiastic. The ballet during the week has been sustained with Mdlle. Blanche Ricois and M. Desplaces as principals. The chorus, though small, was quite large enough for the theatre, and thoroughly competent, with a fair band of some thirty instruments, and Signor Bevignani as an efficient conductor, while Mr. A.

Harris, as stage manager, has greatly contributed to the completeness of the best and longest Opera season ever given in Birmingham.

The Festival Choral Society announce Mr. J. F. Barnett's *Paradise and the Peri* shortly, and soon after the beginning of the year Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter* will be given by the same body.

BUTTON OF BIRMINGHAM.

OPERA COMIQUE.

On Saturday night another new theatre of considerable magnitude was opened in central London! It stands close to the Olympic and the Globe, the address given in the bills, "299, Strand," indicating not the exact site of the edifice, but the fact that it is approached from the main thoroughfare by means of a broad subterranean but well illuminated passage. As far as its beauty is concerned the proprietors need not fear comparison with any of the numerous speculators with whom they have entered into competition; and, like the St. James's it is evidently arranged with a view to aristocratic patronage.

The name of the theatre, "Opéra Comique," seems rather to have been chosen to denote the uses to which its stage is just now appropriated than to have been fixed upon as the permanent title of the edifice. The emigration of Mdlle. Déjazet with the whole of her company from France could hardly have been anticipated when the foundations of the building were laid, and probably we shall not be wrong in regarding its occupation by a French instead of an English *troupe* as one of the results of the siege of Paris. At all events the name is not happily selected. To Parisian ears the "Opéra Comique" performed at the theatre so called denotes a species of composition often as substantial in its way as the works brought out at the Académie, and is entirely distinct from that modern "Opéra Bouffe" represented at the Variétés, or the Folies Dramatiques, which so many have attempted to naturalize in this country. But the piece which occupies the chief place in the bills of our newest theatre is even far less musical than Opéra Bouffe. By the author, M. Victorin Sardou, who wrote it for the Théâtre Déjazet before he had attained his present eminence, it is modestly called a "Comédie musicale de chant et de danse," and this is precisely what it is. Its effect depends entirely on the acting, and the songs, few and far between, are of the kind executed by comedians who cultivate music as an accessory art, not by professed vocalists. No doubt it is typical of the repertory of the French company now engaged at the theatre, representing the house on the Boulevard du Temple, which was opened by Mdlle. Déjazet, after her long and brilliant career at the Palais Royal, and which still bears her name.

The appearance of Mdlle. Déjazet, whose very advanced age is one of her glories, was the great fact of Saturday night. Without her, *Les Prés St. Geois*, as the piece is called, would have made no great impression. The character of the Prince of Conti, which she plays, is very like those of the Young Duke in *Les Premiers Armes des Richelieu*, and of Gentil Bernard in the comedy of that name, in both of which the celebrated actress made herself famous. The Prince of Conti, yet a student in his teens, finds himself among a party of *bourgeois* assembled for a picnic on the *Prés St. Gervais*, and being at first treated as a ridiculous boy, soon becomes a favourite with all the gentlemen and ladies, more particularly with the latter, and is evidently a libertine in the bud. Now when in the tight-fitting costume of the 18th century, with powdered hair, and a little strapful of school-books dangling from her hand, the veteran artist tripped upon the stage, a sensation of general wonder was the immediate result. With the aid of an opera-glass it might indeed be discovered that the face of the schoolboy prince was not youthful; but in the vigour, in the upright bearing, in the movements, in the attitudes, there was every indication of juvenility, a juvenility withal of a princely, gay, and gallant order. The perfect ease of the performance is rendered only the more marvellous by the exquisite finish of the actress, who never becomes careless for an instant. The songs, sentimental and comic, are capitally sung. That the voice has lost its body is evident enough; but Mdlle. Déjazet knows how to economize what is left, and while she retains that force of expression which was always her own, she is never guilty of a false note. As a shout of welcome followed her first entrance, so did a burst of admiration follow the descent of the curtain.

Two short pieces, the one played before, the other after M. Sardou's comedy, complete the evening's programme; and while the names of most of the actors will be new even to travelled Englishmen, the public will learn that the Théâtre Déjazet, though not situated in the most fashionable quarter of Paris, had the advantage of a good working company.

THE MOHAWK MINSTRELS.

(From an Occasional Contributor.)

At the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, the Mohawk Minstrels gave an entertainment, on the 29th ult. for the benefit of widows and orphans of seamen lost in the Captain. The party acquitted themselves very creditably. Messrs. Arthur Raimont and Holland Harland (vocalists) and Mr. Dean Edwards (in an eccentric dance) were particularly good. Two piano-forte solos, *Souvenir de Paoust* (De Konstki), and (in response to an encore) *Irish Diamonds*, by (M. Willie Pape) played by Miss Amy Weddle on one of Kinkman's concert grands cannot be too highly praised. The appreciation of Miss Weddle's merit was evinced by the attention she secured, and the applause that followed each of her performances.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.
ST. JAMES'S HALL.

THIRTEENTH SEASON, 1870-71.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE Director begs to announce that the Thirteenth Season of the Monday Popular Concerts will commence on Monday Evening, November 14, and that the Performances will take place as follows, viz.:—
1870. MONDAY, November 14; MONDAY, November 21; MONDAY, November 28; MONDAY, December 5; MONDAY, December 12; MONDAY, December 19.
1871. MONDAY, January 2; MONDAY, January 16; MONDAY, January 23; MONDAY, January 30; MONDAY, February 6; MONDAY, February 13; MONDAY, February 20; MONDAY, February 27; MONDAY, March 6; MONDAY, March 13.
Monday Performances will be given (Seven) on Saturdays, January 26, February 4, 11, 18, 25, March 4 and 11 (1871).

THE BEETHOVEN CONCERTS.

The present year being the Centennial Anniversary of the birth of Beethoven, the Director has thought that it would be a fitting tribute of respect to the memory of that immortal genius to confine the programmes before Christmas exclusively to Selections from his Instrumental and Vocal Works. Every concert, until the end of the year, will therefore be a Beethoven Concert. In the course of the series, the Six Quartets, Op. 18; the Three Quartets (*Rosamovsky*), Op. 59; the Quartet, No. 10 (E flat); the Five Trios for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello; and as many of the Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin, Pianoforte and Violoncello, and Pianoforte alone, as can be comprised within the limits of eight programmes, will be given. The Vocal Music will in all instances be selected from the Chamber Songs, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.

PROGRAMME OF FIRST CONCERT.

MONDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 14TH, 1870.

To Commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

PART I.

QUARTET, in F major, Op. 18, No. 1, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI	Beethoven.
SONG, "Penitence"—Mdlle. CLARA DORIA	Beethoven.
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 7, for Pianoforte alone—Mr. CHARLES HALLE	Beethoven.

PART II.

SONATA, in F major, Op. 5, No. 1, for Pianoforte and Violoncello—MM. HALLE and PIATTI	Beethoven.
SONG, "Know'st thou the land?"—Mdlle. CLARA DORIA	Beethoven.
QUARTET, in G major, Op. 18, No. 2, for two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, MM. L. RIES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI	Beethoven.
Conductor	Mr. BENEDICT.

Sof. Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be obtained of Mr. Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Messrs. Mitchell & Olivier, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cocks & Co., 63, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hay's Royal Exchange Buildings; and of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

JUPITER GAMMON.—No. Boieldieu's last opera was *Les Deux Nuits*.

THOMAS NOON GADD.—An English translation of Spohr's *Selbst-Biographie* was published (by Messrs. Longman & Co.) in 1865. About Handel, the best authority is, unquestionably, Herr Chrysander.

SIGRAMORE of CINCINNATI had better address himself to Colonel Bateman, father of the celebrated actress of the same name. The "restless colonels" alluded to were not musicians at all—not even "fiddlers," to employ the depreciating phraseology of our correspondent.

DR. WHOLERIDGE.—The controversy about the *Requiem* is by no means settled to the satisfaction of impartial judges. Our own conviction is that Süssmayer was a humbug, and Constance Mozart (afterwards Mdme. Nissen) another. Dr. Wholeridge may possibly be convinced, but if so, it seems to us to be on insufficient grounds.

INDAGATOR.—The only composition of the late Sir George Smart's with which we are acquainted is a glee called "The Butterflies' Ball." The name of the opera by Mr. Henry Smart which was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, is *Bertha*. Mr. Henry Smart is the nephew, not the uncle, of Sir George. Mr. Cipriani Potter has written two symphonies in G minor; but only one of them (composed expressly for the Philharmonic Society) is printed, as a pianoforte duet.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & CO.'S, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1870.

THE ST. PETER CONTROVERSY.

THERE is a certain fitness in the controversy now raging about St. Peter. The Apostle himself was a hot-headed and quarrelsome man. No doubt he was chiefly among those who contended which should be first in the Kingdom of Heaven. He had more than one reprimand from his Master—notably in connection with the cutting off a poor man's right ear; and his row with St. Paul at Jerusalem is the first illustration in Christian annals of the *odium theologicum*. Since his death his very bones have been objects of contention. "He never was at Rome," say some. "He was Rome's first Bishop," say others. "He was never appointed Head of the Church," say some. "He is the Prince of the Apostles," say others. "He is not the Church's foundation," say some. "Upon that Petrus the Church is built," say others. So the game goes on; and we are not at all surprised that the oratorio, *St. Peter*, has given rise to a fight. Nevertheless, the fight is a scandal to him who has provoked it. In proof of this, we need not enter upon any details, the broad facts of the case being enough. What are the facts? Simply these:—Mr. Benedict bought a libretto of Mr. Chorley, and paid him his price. He (Mr. B.) did not like it when bought; so, doing with his own property as he pleased, he put it aside, and procured another. Of what has Mr. Chorley to complain? His interest in the work ceased when Mr. Benedict paid over the £50, and if the latter had re-sold the MS. to his buterman, Mr. Chorley would have enjoyed *no locus standi* in a court of redress. These things should be kept in mind, for they make all the lesser points connected with the matter of no account at all. Nevertheless, a consideration even of the lesser points is not without instruction, if entered upon in the light of Mr. Benedict's letter, which appears in another column. Taking that letter as a text, we might "improve the occasion" up to a fifthly or sixtieth at least. Here, for example, are some illustrations of how good can be obtained from the waters of this musical Bethesda, which Mr. Chorley—not obviously an angel—has "troubled."

In the first place, it is unwise to halloo till you are out of the wood. Mr. Chorley sang a poem in the *Athenaeum*, by way of celebrating a victory, while Mr. Benedict was buckling on his armour. Mr. Chorley may now turn his attention to dirges. In the second place, the man who enters upon a controversy should keep his memory green. Mr. Chorley's memory is dry—very dry. In the third place, when the memory is dry—very dry—it is dangerous to ask Fancy to make good the deficiency. Fancy is the Puck of human nature, and is never so pleased as when leading a benighted wanderer "through brake, through brier." It has served Mr. Chorley as though he had grievously sinned against Fancy at some time or other (perhaps when he wrote *The Prodigy*), leading him through horse-ponds and many sloughs. Let the reader carefully peruse Mr. Benedict's letter, and he will be able to trace the unfortunate gentleman's delusions. Oh! Fancy, thou tricky spirit, why didst thou persuade Mr. Chorley that his book had been approved by the Birmingham Musical Festival Committee; that he had been the means of procuring Mr. Benedict the task of setting it to music; that Mr. Benedict had from the first, and always, liked it; that he (Mr. Chorley) had offered to submit to the arbitration of Sir M. Costa and Mr. Dickens; that—but why go on till these questions are answered, O most wicked Fancy? Behold the result. Mr. Chorley flounders in a quagmire: admired—as a flounderer, by the public, to

whom he appealed as the embodiment of cleanliness. Truly "we are poor folk" when dreams thus lead us astray. But good may always be extracted from evil; and Mr. Chorley, one moment self-elevated on the pedestal of justice, the next prone on the ground, like Dagon before the Ark, is an instructive spectacle.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Paper has been illustrating the force of strong imagination. It credits Jules Janin with the following description of Mr. Wehli's left hand:—

"Tis as if there had been another convocation of Macbeth witches—only these were good fairies—and when this marvellous left hand was being shaped, and tapered, and perfected, the first witch flew into the magic circle, and cried, 'I bring thee strength!' 'I bring thee grace!' cried the second. A third came with 'dexterity!' a fourth with 'speed!' a fifth with 'elasticity!' a sixth with 'daring!' a seventh with 'sonority!' and then the chief witch moulded them into one perfect whole; and so the left hand '*de notre charmant pianiste*' was made!"

We have no doubt that the great French dramatic (not musical) critic might, with perfect truth, have said this, and much more, concerning Mr. Wehli; only he didn't, which is awkward for *Frank Leslie*.

THE admiration of our friend *Watson* for Miss Kellogg is intense, even to incoherence. Here are some choice extracts from a recent notice of the American *prima donna*:—

"It (the applause) was the Kentish fire of true enthusiasm, with its fibre so closely laid that you knew it was the spontaneous voice of the heart."

The fibre of fire being a spontaneous voice, is good.

"The orchestra gave the warning note of silence, when freeing herself from the acid of the violins, &c., &c."

Poor Miss Kellogg. We wonder if the acid hurt her!

"It (Miss K.'s voice) flashed without an effect, a silver thread from the shining reel of her throat and wound itself irresistibly around every heart present."

In presence of this amazing figure we can only stand bareheaded, overcome with reverent admiration. Let us stop quotation and watch the silver thread.

SOME of the American papers are lying through thick and thin about Mdlle. Nilsson. We shall keep a sharp look out upon their doings, and impale every lie as dead kites are nailed to barn-doors—*pour encourager les autres*. Here is an instalment:—

Lie No. 1.—"The sudden collapse which she suffered in '68, and which rendered her ineligible for operatic honours in Belgium and elsewhere for quite a period."

Lie No. 2.—"By skilfully manipulating the press, this alarming fact (Lie No. 1) was discreetly ignored by the clever management."

Lie No. 3.—"The glaring defects * * * have been the subject of gossip in the English and Continental capitals ever since her first failure in London in the *Magic Flute*, when an injudicious effort to use the chest-notes early in the evening prevented her finishing the opera, and ultimately reduced her to the level of a third-rate artist."

The last lie is what Mr. Dick Swiveller would call a "stunner;" and if it and the rest were true, how we should admire the stern rectitude of our American contemporary! As it is, how we admire his mendacity!

ARE there two Delle-Sedies. The *New York Weekly Review* says:—

"Delle-Sedie, owner of a villa at Sevres, is in England."

Delle-Sedie, the opera singer, we know, but who is "Delle-Sedie, owner of a villa at Sevres?"

A SINGULAR exploit was performed on the battle-field of Sedan by the band of the 59th Prussian Regiment, not with the trumpets and trombone, but with muskets and swords. The bandsmen were left to guard the knapsacks of the regiment. While thus occupied they observed some hostile infantry and cavalry approach under cover of the neighbouring wood. The chief bandsman, Müller, did not consider long, but ordered the men to take up muskets—of

which there was no lack on the battle-field—and, drawing his sword, he led them to the charge. The French bullets missed their aim, nor did they stop the impetuous attack. The band was victorious; it drove the hostile detachment, and made 13 prisoners. The surprise of the regiment on their return may be imagined. It is satisfactory to hear that Herr Müller has been rewarded with the Iron Cross, which he has deserved the more since he and his men have done excellent service in all battles as voluntary bearers of wounded.

Herr R. WAGNER's "Festgabe," or "Festival Gift," to the centenary of the composer of *Fidelio*, in December, will shortly be published by Herr E. W. Fritzsch. It is an oration in the grand style, and a contribution to the philosophy of music, the title being, *Beethoven, von Richard Wagner*.

THE Beethoven Festival at the National Hungarian Theatre, in Pesth' will take place on the 16th, 17th, and 18th December. On the first evening, Goethe's *Egmont*, with Beethoven's music, will be performed, and, on the second, *Fidelio*. On the third evening, there will probably be a grand concert in the Redouten-Saal. In consequence of a request made by the Intendant, Baron Felix Orczy, the Abbate Franz Liszt, has promised to conduct the concert. Simultaneously with Baron Orczy's request, the Abbate received a similar one from Vienna, for him to conduct the Beethoven Festival there, but he decided in favour of Pesth. The programme of the concert will, in all probability, comprise the Ninth Symphony, and Liszt's *Beethoven-Cantata*. It is said, too, that the Abbate will play one of the great composer's Pianoforte Concertos.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

BUXTON.—The Monthly Popular Concerts of classical chamber music, which Mr. Ridley Prentice established a year ago, were resumed last week. The Angel Town Institution, where they are held, was crowded in every part, and the audience evinced a lively appreciation of the programme provided for their entertainment. The programme commenced with Haydn's string quartet in G minor (No. 36), played with artistic taste and finish, by Messrs. Weist Hill, Folkes, Burnett, and W. Pettit. Then Mr. Winn sang "Revenge! Timotheus cries," from *Alexander's Feast*, with well-deserved applause, and Madame Dowland sang, with genuine feeling, a sacred song of considerable merit, composed by the director to the words of George Herbert's 23rd Psalm. The first part ended with a masterly performance, by Mr. Prentice, of Mendelssohn's pianoforte Sonata in E major (Op. 6). The second part comprised the *Mélodie Religieuse* of Berthold Tours, and Lady Thompson's trio in D minor, the former of which was encored. The songs were Hatton's "Change of Twenty Years," sung by Mr. Winn; Benedict's "In my wild mountain valley," and Bishop's "Love has eyes," both by Madame Dowland. The pianoforte accompaniments were played by Mr. G. S. Minson. Mr. Prentice may be complimented on his management of these concerts, which deserve the encouragement and support of all lovers of music.—W. H. P.

A CONCERT was given, on the 27th ult., at the St. Pancras Vestry Hall, in aid of the fund for the relief of the sick and wounded of French and German armies. The vocalists were the Mdlles. Clara and Rosamunda Doria, Julia Elton, Minnie Poole, Messrs. Carl Stepan, G. T. Carter, G. Taylor, with Miss Angell, Messrs. J. B. Chatterton, Richard Blagrove, Francesco Berger, and W. H. Eyres as instrumentalists. The Mdlmes Doria each gave a song by Mr. John Barnett, as well as Francesco Berger's spirited duet, "Love and War," in all of which they were encored, as was also Mr. F. Berger in a pianoforte solo of his own, "Marching with the band," on which, being encored, he substituted Thalberg's "Home, sweet home;" he also created an effect (with Mr. W. H. Eyres) in Osborne and De Beriot's *Duo Concerto* from *Guillaume Tell*. Miss Angell played two pianoforte solos, by Ascher and Benedict, obtaining much applause. Messrs. F. Berger, S. Naylor, and W. Ganz were the directors.

MR. AGUILAR'S first performance of pianoforte music for the present season, took place on 20th October. We subjoin the programme:—

Sonata in C (Aguilar); "Oft in the stilly night," Transcription (Aguilar); Impromptu in A flat, No. 4 (Schubert), Miss Mina Bourchier, pupil of Mr. Aguilar; Melody in F, and Etude (Rubinstein); Sonata in A flat, op. 26 (Beethoven); *Lieder ohne Worte* (Mendelssohn); Variations of an air from *L'Elisir d'amore* (Thalberg), Miss Mina Bourchier; *Le Desir*, Transcription, (Aguilar); Polonaise in A, op. 40 (Chopin); *The Birds at Sunset*, Valse Brillante (Aguilar).

[Nov. 5, 1870.]

INDIVIDUALITY AND SCHOOL.*

I.

In all ages, there have been bitter complaints that mediocrity in art is so overwhelmingly predominant, that prolific scribbling without talent, and careless of everything save the fashionable articles that command a sale at any particular period, have assumed such large dimensions, and crushed really talented productions. These complaints arise from time to time, and are by no means new; voices have always been heard making a noise about the decay of art, the poverty of ideas characterizing artists, and so on. In one instance, people smiled sarcastically at the striking family likeness between certain compositions, which dashed up mere flourishes, and constantly recurring phrases. These betray, it is true, the musician dully brought up according to scholastic rules, but they exhibit no trace of really artistic spirit, permeating his subject, or producing a real musical idea. Such composers have been flung by dozens into the same heap. On other occasions, critics have been found who discovered talent in this or that composer, but declared that it had unfortunately perished under the rubbish of commonplace. Yes, the poor fellow, it was said, possessed splendid talent, which might have enabled him to pursue his course along the narrow path of true art, and, as a genuine artist, to offer the public nutritious food, but that a love of ease or a greed for quick profits had thrown him in the broad and well trodden road of everyday mediocrity, where the musical appetite of the public is perfectly satisfied with vapid skillet.

Such complaints, as we have said, are not new; they have been made in all ages. But it has invariably happened that the persons making them were the very first to pick up a stone to fling at any artist, as an innovator and a revolutionist, who attempted to shame their useless lamentations and exhibit distinctly marked individuality. They are the very persons who will not permit anyone to attack the old jog-trot course of art; their lamentations on the decadence of the latter, and its want of intellect, are merely meant to be wonderfully admired as deep penetration, as wisdom calculated to excite respect, and their apodictical assertion, "Genius has died out in the world!" must not be doubted.

Genius has died out; there is no longer any artistic individuality!—Ridiculous! There are at the present day men with artistic individuality just as much as ever there were. The only difference is, perhaps, that now-a-days artistic individuality is developed, and indeed must be developed, otherwise than formerly. As to the questions: How is artistic individuality developed? What can be done to aid its development?—we will now proceed to examine them more nearly.

Genius is born with man. Yes, that may be correct; but innate genius may be nipped in the bud, and never successfully manifested, just as, on the other hand, talent originally small, may, by proper guidance and training, achieve extra triumphs. What says Goethe? "The most happy genius will scarcely ever succeed in raising itself to the Uncommon by nature and instinct alone. Art is always Art! No person who does not deeply ponder over it, must call himself an artist." Even Lessing, who asserted genius to be a model mind, very wisely adds to the estimate of a genial artist: "The thinking, and scientifically educated artist is worth as much again." Only industry produces model works; even genius must labour, if it would achieve anything, and the man who is the happy—or, if the reader prefers it, the unhappy—possessor of innate genius, has no easy task before him. It is, most certainly, much more difficult for him than for others, to submit to be shackled by the tight fetters of the schools, to move in the narrow paths, along which scholastic instruction must gradually lead him, if that foundation is to be laid, on which alone the development even of innate genius is possible. Everywhere does genius agitate its wings, endeavouring to break through the limits imposed on it, and woe to it if the driver does not hold the reins tightly enough; it flies wildly about in space, from which it is suddenly precipitated, for its wings have not the strength to carry it securely through endlessness. In the case of talent, or mere capability for art, all these things are much easier. In this instance, one thing comes with its slow jog-trot step after another; it is not till one step is taken that there is the slightest presentiment of the succeeding one, and aught like breaking through the appointed boundaries is beyond the sphere of possibility.

But who bears the responsibility of both? He who has to guide both, to watch the way pursued by both, in short—the teacher to whom both art-disciples are confided. The teacher's position is, indeed, a difficult one, and frequently we can scarcely understand the non-chalance with which a young sprig just escaped from an educational establishment, announces himself, without more ado, as teacher of composition, and pianoforte playing, and singing, as though with the wisdom painfully acquired, perhaps, in a short time, he had suddenly become possessed of the qualifications necessary for the most difficult of all positions, the position of a teacher. The mannikin takes his stand,

with the most conscientious composure upon the proverb: "Wem Gott ein Amt giebt, dem giebt er auch Verstand."* *O sancta simplicitas!*

Yes, the office of teacher is an onerous one, and its responsibility is great. How many talented persons, whose education cost a goodly sum, but who never turned out anything, have the worthy teachers upon their conscience! Thank goodness, however, there are, of course, among the great number of teachers, some men of sterling worth, who have perfectly understood the difficulty of their calling, which they faithfully practice. But this conscientious discharge of their duty is at present incomparably more difficult than formerly, for art has grown; it has steadily gone on developing itself, and extending its circles more and more, just as a stone, thrown into the water, forms, in concentric modulations, a series of rings which keep increasing and increasing in size, till they dash, perhaps, against the distant bank and cannot go further.

Formerly the matter was much more simple.

The old school did not know the difference between the various kinds of music, or did not, at least, recognize it. Sacred music, chamber music, and operatic music, did not exist for it; it knew only one kind of music, the creations of which were framed according to certain rules. Whether the pupil intended, at a subsequent period, to devote himself to one particular kind or another, was a matter of indifference to the teacher; it never struck the latter that he ought to devote especial attention to any particular aptitude manifested by the pupil for any one branch of his art more than for another; it never struck him that he ought to assist such aptitude, or even give it the advantage of separate instruction. On the contrary; if any pupil exhibited any such well-stamped individuality, it was mercilessly rooted out; the pupil had to accommodate himself exactly to the straight jacket of scholastic rules—note against note, two notes against one note—etc., etc., for months and for years, till the entire theory of the art of musical composition had been gone through. "Yes, my son, now go; you are the first singer in the world!" said Porpora to Majorano, commonly called Caffarelli, after making him sing for six years nothing but some exercises written upon one octavo leaf. It is said that no one was more surprised than Caffarelli himself. A similar thing happened no doubt to many who studied composition in those days, and who, on terminating their course of study, were dismissed by their teachers as finished master.

There was, however, some sense in this, inasmuch as the different branches of musical art did not, as far as essentials were concerned, diverge particularly much from each other, and a naturally gifted pupil might very well achieve considerable success in the church and on the stage by the same means. But there was far less sense in the system, when, after the lapse of some decenniums, two kinds of musical art branched off in diametrically opposite directions, which kept growing further and further apart, in spite of which, however, teachers still clung firmly, with a sort of pious feeling, to the old plan of instruction. Genius is born with a man; it cannot be given him; where it exists it must make a way for itself, and when it does not exist, why, then, if the artist is lost, the loss does not matter. According to this view of the case, people continued to believe that the only correct course was to give all pupils, without exception, a certain amount of general musical education, and then dismiss them as perfect, allowing the development of individuality to be the business of the individual.

The old singing masters died out, bequeathing by tradition the rules of their method to their successors, without, however, being able to bequeath them also their spirit and their genius as teachers. Of course, it could not fail, in lapse of time, to come to pass that, with this traditional inheritance, the most bare-faced humbug was practised; and we know that, even in our own days, there are persons who boast that they have received, found out, discovered, the mode of teaching followed by old Italian singing masters, and, in consequence, qualify as absurd all that anatomy, physiology, and psychology have recognized as the laws of nature. It is clear to every unprejudiced man that the old singing masters, to judge by what they achieved, could not have founded their method on anything but the most intimate acquaintance with the human voice, and of what it was capable, in conjunction with the innate psyche, or spirit of the singer. But the nimbus does it; that entices pupils, though, of course, they are those to whom intelligent teachers have in vain explained the uselessness of their efforts, and to this kind of pupils belong, as a rule, those who pay best. *Mundus vult dec.*

It was otherwise with those who taught the art of composition. They could not very well set up the humbug of tradition. In this instance, there were palpable, evident rules, which anyone might, with a greater or less amount of exertion, make his own, and start from exactly the same basis as everybody else in his endeavours to imitate the great models of his art. That art emerged from its

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

* "When God gives a man an office, He gives him also intelligence to fill it."

childhood ; the twin-sisters, Sacred Music and Operatic Music grew up into vigorous, blooming young women, each having peculiar pretensions of her own. If anyone wished that each should enjoy her due, he had to recognize also her pretensions, and endeavour to satisfy them. For a time, it was possible to combine this with the principle that the individual qualification of the artist for this or that branch of his art must open up a path for itself, supposing he had been raised to the stand-point of a thorough general musical education. But something new was added, and very soon people here and there beheld the phenomenon of an individual, when left to himself, stumbling over all sorts of objects, and—pleasing the multitude exceptionally, while he flung overboard all the rules of his master.

Instead now of seeking the ultimate reason of this horrible phenomenon in the phenomenon itself, the teachers screamed out about treachery to art, banning and excommunicating the unhappy malefactor, who felt exceedingly contented at hearing the jubilation of the crowd and enjoying the laurels he reaped, as well as the ringing equivalents for them. The innovations of the apostate caused the hair to stand upon the heads of many. At such moments, there were never more than a few, who, with clear presence of mind, recognized the justice of such innovations. The horizon of the majority was too circumscribed for this, and the easiest plan was to empty the child out of the bath with the dirty water,* i.e. not to condemn the artist alone, but, with him, the entire branch of art to which he had devoted himself. If a really great man launched his anathema against it, he found imitators by hundreds; these imitators were not even capable of raising themselves to the appreciation of the case, but repeated believably whatever formula the great man chose to initiate.

(To be continued).

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MUSIC AND THE WAR.

(From the "Graphic.")

The "European hurricane" has blown all manner of musical waifs and strays to our shores; some bent upon improving the occasion, others desirous only for a quiet refuge until the storm is over. Among the latter are men of renown, like Gounod, Faure, and, it is said, Auber, though the veteran composer's whereabouts remains a matter of dispute. We may be assured, however, that he would not court publicity under the present distressing circumstances of the country he loves so well; and that any attempt to drag him from retirement would be resented as impertinent. M. Gounod has been seen at the Crystal Palace; lured thither by the performance of his own *Pet Dove (La Colombe)*, which we hope he enjoyed. M. Faure has made no sign. Madame Adelina Patti left England some weeks ago, having been detained by the exigencies of warfare ever since the close of the opera season. She was not altogether idle during this enforced residence among us. Everybody knows that the Birmingham Festival Committee rejected her enormous terms; but elsewhere the fascinating Marquise had to do with more complacent negotiators; and Brighton, Manchester, and Liverpool have exchanged notes with her on mutually agreeable terms. Madame Patti is now singing her way to St. Peterburgh; where, no doubt, she will turn the heads of the *jeunesse dorée* completely round, as usual. But though one refugee has left us, a score have arrived to take her place, and the cry is still, "They come!"

It is to be feared that disappointment awaits not a few singers who come with impaired resources among a people knowing them only by repute, or having known them so long ago, that all interest has passed away. A prevalent notion with foreign artists is that anything does for England, where the natives are not musical, and are willing to pay handsomely for being thought the reverse. Only thus can we explain the frequent apparition here of worn-out people who consider themselves ill-used when given to understand that our island is not actually a receptacle for the off-scouring of all things artistic. In ordinary times we should contend for a prompt and pitiless exhibition of this fact to those whom it may concern; but, just now, who would have the heart to do so? Our musical visitors come against their will; many of them, it may be assumed, are poor; and all have made heavy sacrifice. Under such circumstances the English public may be trusted to act generously, even where the absolute claim is very small. Such a confidence was not misplaced, so far as concerned the Crystal Palace audience, when two refugee artists, Madame Fiorentini and Signor Delle-Sedie, made their appearance. Both lady and gentleman will be remembered by opera-goers as at one time connected with our great lyric theatres; but now the former has little voice left her, and the latter, with all his skill, had little at any time. Their reception, however, was courteous, not to say warm; and thus early in the season a good example has been set which, there is every reason to believe, will not want imitators. Of course there are some of these art exiles on whose behalf nothing need be said. Signor Bottesini, for example,

speaks through his marvellous double-bass in tones which nobody can withstand. He excited the Crystal Palace audience to enthusiasm with as much ease as might Madame Albani, did that queen of contraltos choose to come out from her retirement among us, and let her glorious voice be heard. For the presence of such artists (to whom we have still to add Madame Pauline Viardot) we have reason to thank a war otherwise accursed, and we would willingly retain them through good as well as evil.

In contrast to the position of so many of her craft is that of Madlle. Christine Nilsson, who could not have acted more wisely had she known, long ago, that war was coming. The fortunate young lady slipped away to America just in time to escape disaster, and is now reaping a golden harvest in peace. Trustworthy reports inform us that the incoming is all she could wish. As regards enthusiasm however, our American cousins are older if not wiser than they were twenty years ago; moreover, they have had experiences adapted to make them sadder. On the whole, Madlle. Nilsson cannot reasonably complain of her reception, while she ought devoutly to thank the good luck which opened to her a Land of Goshen free from the plagues of Europe.

—o—
PROVINCIAL.

DUBLIN.—The subjoined is extracted from the *Irish Times* of October 26th:

"At the Misses Glover's fashionable morning concert, given at 14 Talbot Street, under the patronage of her Excellency the Countess Spencer, the following pieces were performed:—Quartet, 'Faithless Emma' (Stevenson); solo harp, 'Martha' (Oberthür); scena, 'Ah! perfido' (Beethoven); cavatina, 'The Diver' (Loder); trio, 'L'usato arder' (Rossini); piano solo, 'Don Pasquale' (J. W. Glover); trio, 'La mia Dorabello' (Mozart). Part second:—Trio: harp, piano, and violin, 'Der Freischütz' (De Beriot); ballad, 'Jessie the flower of Dumblane' (Tannahill); piano solo; Allemande, Bourées (Sebastian Bach); quartet, 'The Bells of St. Michael's' (Knivet); finale (by desire) 'Skedaddle galop' (J. W. Glover)."

LYMINGTON.—We take the following from a local paper:—

"The session of the Literary Institution was inaugurated on Tuesday night, at the Assembly Rooms, by a concert-lecture, given by Mrs. John Macfarren, assisted by Miss Annie Sinclair. The hall was completely filled, the aristocracy of the town and neighbourhood being well represented. Mrs. Macfarren, as a pianist, is almost unrivalled: her execution is truly wonderful. The marvellous interpretations of music, its sympathy with nature in all its scenes, found in this talented artist their true expression. Miss Annie Sinclair added to the charm of the evening by one of the sweetest voices in the world, full of purity and feeling."

NWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—The following remarks on Mr. Nordblom, who made his first appearance in the provinces at one of Mr. Rosa's concerts, are extracted with some inevitable abridgments from a local journal:—

"Mr. Nordblom had every reason to be gratified with the reception he experienced. He was suffering from a slight cold, and was therefore not heard to the best advantage. A fair estimate could nevertheless be formed of his voice and style. He possesses an organ of considerable compass, both in its upper and lower register, together with flexibility and power. A pupil of Frank Mori and the protégé of Madame Parepi, he has nevertheless much to learn in phrasing and musical declamation. His *début* was eminently successful, as he received an encore on both occasions when he sang. In a ballad from *The Bohemian Girl*, he threw out a genuine B flat from the chest with great effect. Altogether this gentleman is a most promising vocalist, and will undoubtedly rise in his profession."

CHORLTON-ON-MEDLOCK.—We read as follows in the *Manchester Courier*, Oct. 27:—

"A concert was given on Tuesday, for the benefit of Mr. Charles F. Anthony, professor of music. The room was filled, and the audience respectable. The artists were Miss Katherine Poyntz, Miss Chadwick, Mr. de Jong, Mr. Horton C. Allison, and a glee party. A decided improvement is apparent in Miss Poyntz's singing,—more breadth, style, and finished ease. She gave 'Covuien Partir,' 'That's the way for Willie and me,' and gained an encore for 'Lo! here the gentle lark,' with De Jong's brilliant flute *obbligato*. Miss Chadwick won favour by her unaffected singing, receiving an encore in Hullah's 'Storm.' To laud M. de Jong's flute solos were 'to gild refined gold'; suffice it that his tone and execution were as ever. Applause and encores showed how highly appreciated were the pianoforte solos of Mr. Allison. He can claim, and have his claim allowed, to a place among the first pianists. The glee party agreeably varied the solo. Messrs. J. W. Harper and C. F. Anthony accompanied.

* A German proverb signifying to reject the good and the bad together.

[Nov. 5, 1870.]

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

BALFE.

Though English opera, after a brief existence, has for many years been a mere recollection, few Englishmen will have heard, without sincere regret, of the death of Michael William Balfe, which occurred last week. We shall prize the memory of Balfe as that of the only British musician who has achieved a European reputation,* and whose artistic status is perhaps even higher in France and Germany than in his own country. The great charm of Balfe's music is its evident spontaneity, grace, and natural charm of melody. He rarely strained after effect; and in an age when Meyerbeer, Verdi, and Gounod flourished, he was content to be an English Donizetti, appealing more to the ear than to the intellect. The present generation can scarcely appreciate the popularity Balfe once enjoyed. His melodies were sung in every drawing-room, and ground on every barrel organ; and so fluent and fertile was his muse that he appeared to produce operas and songs for nearly thirty years, just as easily as he talked. In temperament he much resembled Rossini, for in spite of his wondrous fertility he was naturally a lazy man. When he had satisfied the demands of the opera managers and music-sellers, he appeared not to care what became of his productions, offering, in this respect, a strong contrast to Meyerbeer and Gounod, who were never thoroughly satisfied with their own efforts. But in spite of his constitutional *dolce far niente*, Balfe was never careless; though not deep or scientific as a composer, he was neither vulgar nor slipshod. Knowing well the full extent of his genius he wisely avoided that rock on which Verdi and other modern composers have split—the hope of rivalling Beethoven and Meyerbeer—an ambition which leads merely clever musicians into being dull and heavy. Balfe's only native rival was Vincent Wallace—like himself an Irishman—and perhaps a more original genius; for to Balfe's gift of tune he added an elevation of style, which, had he lived, would in all probability have enabled him to develop a school quite as original in its way as that of some of the most famous Continental composers. Balfe and Wallace are, however, dead; and in their graves lies also, we fear, all hope of a revival of English opera. It is satisfactory to know that Balfe's latter years, unlike those of poor Wallace, were full of well-earned honours, and passed in ease and comfort. His daughter after upholding the family name as a *prima donna*, married first an English ambassador, and then a Spanish grandee of the most aristocratic blue blood; and, during the last few years of his life, the composer of the *Bohemian Girl* devoted all his energies to the cultivation of a pleasantly-situated farm in Herts, and was more proud of his pigs and crops than of all his *Ops*. In private life Balfe was a universal favourite, for to a rich fund of native humour he united the *savoir faire* of the man of the world while his ripe and varied artistic experiences enabled him to be equally and cordially appreciated both in the orchestra and the *salon*. His death will be mourned by an unusually numerous circle of friends, whose constant attentions pleasantly varied the bucolic delights of his rural retreat.—*Liverpool Porcupine*.

[* Nonsense. What of W. Sterndale Bennett?—ED.]

AUTUMNAL OPERA.

Mr. Mapleson has accustomed the public to Italian opera in November; but it is doubtful whether the public value it as they should. A century of usage, under certain conditions, has made both entertainment and conditions appear severally necessary to a complete thing. Italian opera in "the dark days before Christmas" is an anachronism; while, played to audiences at cheap prices and in frock coats, it is robbed of half its distinction. That these ideas should assert themselves even against better judgment, proves with what success an originally exclusive amusement has retained its exclusiveness. Now, hardly less than when manager Handel was ruined by warfare with "society," Italian opera is an exotic, which flourishes only during the London season, under the stimulus of high prices and lofty patronage. Autumnal performances are therefore looked at askance, as by no means the real thing. They are to the performances of spring and summer what "Paris diamonds" are to the gems of Golconde; and, supporting them one feels inclined to take credit for an act of condescension. Evidently this state of things must be changed before we can hope for the naturalization of opera in England; and because tending to such a result, Mr. Mapleson's annual off-season has a very decided value. It shows what can be done towards making efficiently-performed Italian opera available for the public at large; while it also tests the general readiness to use whatever advantages may be afforded. A glance at the prospectus of the six weeks' campaign which began last night proves the former result, at all events, to be satisfactory. True, the list of artists contains the name neither of Madame Patti nor of Mlle. Nilsson, and Mr. Santley is conspicuously absent; but Mlle. Tietjens stands at the head of a *troupe* which many a Continental theatre of renown would be proud to possess. Clearly, therefore, out-of-season Italian opera can be made a very good and acceptable thing. We are not so sure that it will yet escape being under-estimated; but it is pleasant to try to believe in a quickly approaching time when opera, Italian and other, will be a necessary amusement, not for the few but for the many.—*Daily Telegraph*.

On the 23rd, 24th, and 25th of the present month, Dr. Wylde is to lecture on music at Gresham College.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Locke's old-fashioned music to *Macbeth* has been revived at the Academy of Music on the occasion of the production of *Macbeth*, for the débüt of Jananschek as Lady Macbeth, and Walter Montgomery as the Thane. Mark Smith, so well known in London, took the part of Hecate, and sang better than actors usually do. Locke's quaint strains, however, do not prove very attractive to New York audiences.

A new musical organization, called "Euterpe," is talked of. It will consist of a chorus of fifty voices, organized on a co-operative basis, and intended to accept engagements for concerts just as an orchestra does. The profits are to be divided among the members. Motets are to be the speciality of "Euterpe," and several, never yet heard here, are to be produced.

Miss Nilsson has made an immense success in Baltimore and Philadelphia, and will give two concerts in this city on the 24th and 26th instant, when she will be assisted by Miss Cary, Vieuxtemps, and Brignoli. Wehli having left the *troupe*, to join that of Miss Kellogg, there is now no solo pianist with the Nilsson party. It does not appear at all probable that we shall have any opera with Nilsson this season. After a few concerts here she will go off West, where her success is certain; Parepa has, however, left a splendid reputation in our Western States, and Nilsson will find Chicago and St. Louis bent on making comparisons.

The English Opera season will begin on Monday night, at Niblo's, with *Martha*. A different opera will be given every night; Caroline Richings and Rose Hersee are the two *prime donne* of this *troupe*.

The German Opera Company, at the Stadt Theatre, has just made a great success with *Lucrèzia Borgia*. Clara Perl was really so sick she could scarcely speak, but she went through her part to prevent disappointment. Her physician will not let her sing again for a week or two, and her place is to be filled in the meantime by Fraulein Krause, a mere beginner. Carl Formes has had a quarrel with the management and has left the *troupe*. Clara Perl is to sing soon in the *Barber* and *The Prophet*.

Theodore Thomas, with his excellent orchestra, is giving concerts in the Eastern States with unvarying success.

The concerts of the Gottschalk sisters—three in number—created only a temporary ripple on the surface of society. The friends of the pianist, Louis Moreau Gottschalk, attended in goodly numbers, and the sisters were cordially applauded in the compositions of their brother, of which chiefly their concerts consisted.

TROVATOR.

New York, October 22.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Mr. Falconer's drama, *Peep o'Day*, revived at the Princess's by Messrs. B. Webster and F. B. Chatterton, is a good specimen of what a "sensational play" really was, when "sensation" was in its lustihood—that is to say, immediately after the first "run" of the *Colleen Bawn*. It was the first grand success achieved at the Lyceum after a series of dull years, and is said in some measure to have originated the present prosperous management at Drury Lane. The stone-quarry, animated with a marvellous attempt at murder and a more marvellous escape therefrom, was noised about town as Mr. Telbin's masterpiece, and the "Shan van Vogt" of which the existence was only known as an historical fact somehow connected with '98—at once became a popular London melody.

Revived at the Princess's now, as it were, the home of that "sensational" domestic drama which is fast losing its hold on other theatres, and is to be broadly distinguished from the historical spectacle, the favourite tale of treason again puts on all its lustre. It has also the advantage of making the public more familiar with Mr. Shiel Barry, an excellent delineator of Irish character, renowned in the provinces, but unknown to London before his appearance in Mr. Boucicault's *Rapparee*.

The older play is preceded by two acts of Mr. Andrew Halliday's *Great City*, which was produced several years afterwards, but which, brought out at Drury Lane and performed for a long series of nights, showed that the taste for ultra-realism had not yet begun to decline. The two acts terminate with the scene of the "Beggars' Club," and prove that the *Great City* is so far endowed with the nature of an eel that cutting it in half does not impair its vitality.

STUTTGARDT.—The King of Wurtemberg has conferred the cross of the Frederick Order, second class, on Herr Sontheim. The decoration was handed to the artist on the stage of the Theatre Royal, before the entire company, by the Intendant, who accompanied the presentation with a highly complimentary speech.

EVERY well-wisher to art must hope that the report about Mr. Rea's Orchestral Concerts at Newcastle-on-Tyne being given up is unfounded. Such legitimate entertainments are not too plentiful.

BRADFORD SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS
(SIXTH SEASON).

(From our own Correspondent.)

The first of these high-class entertainments took place on the 28th ult., and with it our musical season may be considered as fairly opened. Mr. Hallé's splendid band of seventy performers, amongst whom we were glad to discover all the principal artists, whose faces have been familiar to us for many years, played the first overture (*Oberon*) with a delicacy and with a spirit, such as we have never heard excelled. Another proof of what a large orchestra can do, by constantly playing together, was rendered by the extreme *pianissimo* with which Berlioz's "Ballet des Sylphes" was given. Though the composition itself has little value, yet it contains some extraordinary effects of wind, strings, and harp, which never fail to take upon the audience—provided the latter is quiet enough, as was the case here, to hear the zephyr-like whisperings. The great piece of the evening was Beethoven's first Symphony in C major, to which the orchestra did full justice, and which, with its simple and beautiful melodies, and its lively and pleasing strains, was listened to with the utmost attention by the large audience. The overture to *Hochzeit des Camacho*, by Mendelssohn, was heard here for the first time. Though we do not wish to pronounce a decided opinion after a first hearing, yet we cannot help thinking that it stands far behind any of Mendelssohn's other overtures. Mr. Hallé was greeted with several rounds of applause on taking his seat at the piano, and his performance of Mendelssohn's *Serenade* and *Rondo gioioso* with orchestra, as well as his playing of Schubert's Impromptu in F minor, in the second part, was received with great enthusiasm. The vocal part of the concert was entrusted to Madame Trebelli-Bettini and Signor Bettini. For the latter gentleman an excuse was made on account of sore throat; however, he managed to sing with half his voice "O caro immagina" from *Il Flauto Magico*, and two pretty duets with his spouse. As if to compensate the audience for her husband's deficiency, Madame Trebelli's voice sounded more beautiful than ever. The richness of her lower octave combined to the sweetness of her higher notes, and the wonderful flexibility and ease with which she sings makes this lady one of our greatest stars. She sang the air from *Semiramide*, "Ah quel giorno," and a very pretty air of Weber's, "O Fatini," from *Abu Hassan*, which has not been heard here before, and the beautiful rendering of which secured a very decided encore. In substitution for a song which had to be left out on account of Signor Bettini's hoarseness, Madame Trebelli volunteered Gounod's *Berceuse* with violoncello *obbligato*, played by M. Vieuxtemps. The concert closed with Wagner's spirited march from *Tannhäuser*, which gave the brass full scope to exercise its powers.

NEW MUSIC.

Berceuse pour le piano. Par FREDERIC H. COWEN. [London : Boosey & Co.] So many works of this kind have been written that the production of anything original, especially as scope and style are limited, must be a difficult matter. Mr. Cowen has partially succeeded at least. He begins by hushing baby to sleep in the orthodox manner—a soothing melody for the right hand, simply accompanied by the left. But as baby remains deaf to the voice of the charmer, he tries another style and key; passing to the relative minor and becoming somewhat animated. Baby likes this better than anything else, and enjoys the fun; whereupon Mr. Cowen goes with a flourish to his dominant seventh, and gives out softly the original theme, accompanied before, but with arpeggio chords for the right hand. Little by little this tells upon Master Wakeful; the eyelids droop and finally close; whereupon Mr. Cowen having trifled a little—*pianissimo*—with the theme in his left hand, just to make quite sure, closes also.

The Amateur Organist : A Collection of Voluntaries for the Organ or Pianoforte. By EDWARD TRAVIS. [London : Brewer & Co.] PREMISING that, in this superscription, Harmonium might be substituted for Pianoforte with equal advantage and propriety, we have to say that Mr. Travis's ninth volume fully sustains the interest of its predecessors. This fact proves beyond question the editor's research, and, also, the discrimination with which he works. In brief, the *Amateur Organist*, should it never reach a tenth volume, will contain one of the largest and choicest selections of original and adapted pieces ever offered to the public. The book now before us is made up of ninety-five compositions a thoroughly eclectic group, which includes something good of all sorts, from movements by Beethoven and Mendelssohn down to psalm tunes. In every case simplicity has been kept in view while not losing sight of effect, and, as a consequence, the work is well adapted for extensive use. Organists may, perhaps, find cause of complaint in the fact that few pieces have a *pedal obbligato*; but on the other hand, the vast and increasing army of those who delight in harmoniums will rejoice. The *Amateur Organist* is carried out upon a plan which seeks "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and even those who are best suited in other ways may legitimately give it their approval.

WAIFS.

At to-day's Crystal Palace concert, the pieces by Beethoven are the Mass in C (No. 1) and the grand overture, Op. 124, in the same key, which, together with Mendelssohn's overture to *Athalie*, will constitute a programme of more than ordinary excellence.

Mr. Kennedy, the Scottish vocalist, has been giving his characteristic entertainment in his native country with the accustomed success.

Miss Katharine Poyntz has been singing at Manchester, Newcastle, and other places in the North of England.

Mlle. Ilma di Murska left London on Tuesday, for Moscow, where she is engaged for the winter season.

Madame Szavardy (late Wilhelmine Clausse) is among the artistic refugees from unhappy Russia at this period.

The *Choir* learns with regret that Mr. Rea intends to make the present the last season of his annual concerts which have rendered the month of October one of the most enjoyable portions of the year to the musical "lads o' Coaly Tyne." The speculation, it appears, like too many others where an endeavour is made to put forward "the good and true," has not been a financial success, and thus the corporation organist has been compelled to relinquish the endeavour to infuse a love of the classical into his fellow townsmen.

"The Anemoie Union," under the direction of the great clarionetist Mr. Lazarus, with Madame Thaddeus Wells, and Miss Jessie Blair (vocalists); Mr. W. Shakespeare (pianist), and Mr. Nicholson (flute), are making their fourth annual tour in the provinces, and (to judge from local accounts) with signal success. Leicester, Burslem, Todmorden, Clitheroe, Penrith, and Glasgow, were visited during the first week, and at each place the performances of the "Anemoie Union" were listened to with the utmost attention, and applauded according to their worth.

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CHECKS AND CHEATS.

Few comparatively of the persons who are in the habit of paying their money at the door of a theatre are aware that a species of fraud is constantly practised which inflicts a serious loss upon the managers, though most of them have declared with becoming resignation that all attempts to suppress it must be necessarily futile.

The playgoer is aware that on entering the porch of a theatre he first goes to the pigeon-hole of the money-taker and there pays his cash, in return for which he receives a card called a "check," which he gives to a man stationed at an interior gate, and consequently called a "check-taker." The purpose of the check-taker is to prevent fraud on the part of the receiver of cash, over whom there would be no control whatever if mere payment insured an immediate entrance. According to a plan established for many years, the money-taker is provided by the manager with a certain number of checks to be issued as occasion requires, and each of these when received by the check-taker is or ought to be dropped into a sort of till, of which the manager has the key. At the end of the evening, when both functionaries render their accounts, the number of cards in the till of the check-taker is compared with the number left in possession of the money-taker, and if the former are duly represented by cash and the latter proved to be the correct residue of the total number of checks given out in the first instance, all is supposed to be right. In the language of trade, the manager has "taken stock," and is bound to be satisfied. Here comes the fraud. As coastguards are sometimes the allies of smugglers, whom it is their duty to repress, so is there very frequently an unholy compact between the check-taker and money-taker, by means of which the manager is systematically robbed. The check-taker has only to avoid dropping a few of his checks into the till, and somehow contrive their return into the hands of the money-taker, and lo! a neat little sum is accumulated, for which there is no visible voucher and which the accomplices may conveniently share between them. Of the extent to which this system of fraud is carried on everybody practically connected with the management of theatres is perfectly aware, and all sorts of ingenious schemes have been devised for the purpose of preventing it. But so ill have these schemes stood the test of experience, that the very theory that a check-taker can be controlled has come to be regarded as utopian, and the manager makes up his mind that if he is only robbed a little he will refrain from pursuing useless investigations, and let bad alone, satisfied that it is no worse.

However, the philosopher's stone seems to have been at last discovered, embodying the art of extracting gold from hitherto unprofitable vouchers. Mr. Calvert, manager of one of the Liverpool theatres, has invented an instrument which appears destined to defeat the machinations of the most astute check-taker, and render impossible one peculiar violation of the Eighth Commandment. He makes his checks or vouchers not of card but of copper, and these he inserts in a fitting cylinder, with a vertical opening, through which the whole pile is visible. The trouble of counting is not required, the cylinder being marked on a graduated scale, the single degree of which corresponds to the thickness of the vouchers, so that the manager may at a

glance see the state of his prosperity, as he could that of the weather by the thermometer. But this mystery of the cylinder is not revealed to the money-taker, who receives it enclosed in a mahogany case (locked, of course), with a trap at the bottom, which it is his function to open, allowing the vouchers, one at a time, to fall. The check-taker is provided with a similar engine, similarly enclosed, but so far differing from the other, that the opening is at the top, not at the bottom. Every check dropped in is duly registered by the cylinder. The scheme is brought to perfection by the connection of each machine with an electric clock, on the dial of which the state of the cylinders is instantaneously recorded whenever a voucher is taken from the one and dropped into the other.

Mr. Calver's patent-right to the "Recorder" (as he terms it) is now the property of Mr. Chatteris, of the Strand, and the machines have already been largely purchased by managers. Will its utility be compromised by a strike on the part of oppressed check-takers, deprived of the right prescriptive of doing wrong, which they and their predecessors have exercised for many generations—possibly from the days of Shakspere? We have heard a story told about a machine, invented some years ago, which, though less perfect than Mr. Calver's, at least threatened to make the practice of fraud a little more difficult than before. The check-taker, instructed as to the purpose of the invention, presented himself boldly to the manager and said, "Sir, if this machine is used, my office is not worth holding." And thereupon he took his leave.

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"BEHOLD! HOW GOOD AND JOYFUL."

DEAR SIR.—It may interest you and many readers of your valuable paper to know, that on Monday next, the 7th inst., an event will take place unparalleled in the history of music, viz., the consecration of a Masonic Lodge, entirely devoted to the interest of the musical and theatrical professions, which will be entitled "The Lodge of Asaph." The desirable event has been brought about entirely through the untiring exertions of Br. Stanton Jones, Br. Charles Coote, Br. Chamberlain, and myself.

The late most worshipful master, the Earl of Zetland, frequently refused to recognize the importance of allowing two professions so closely allied to have a Lodge of their own; but at last we have obtained that which, I sincerely hope, will for ever destroy an awful bane to the progress of our divine art in this country, the "green-eyed monster, Jealousy."

Thinking you may deem this interesting event worthy a passing notice in your next issue,—I beg to subscribe myself, yours faithfully,

12, *Markham Square, Chelsea, Nov. 1st, 1870.* A. J. PHASEY.

P.S.—Br. Stanton Jones will be the first worshipful master of the "Lodge. You will find in the *Psalms of David* that Asaph was the *Chief Musician*, of Asaph."

[What does Mr. Phasey mean by the latter portion of his P.S.? Does he suppose we do not know our Bible?—Ed.]

MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW.

CRAMER & CO.—"Keween Grove," transcription by Ellen Jarman.
CHAPPELL & CO.—"O praise our great and gracious Lord," hymn composed by John Gill.
HOOSIER & CO.—"The French Mother," a Song of the War, by Felix Sommer.
ROBERT COCKS & CO.—The Louise Quadrille, by C. H. R. Marriott.
W. CZERNY.—"Germinal," paraphrase; "Les Etincelles," valse brillante; "Une tendre Fleur," poésie musicale; and "Russalka," chanson Russe, by Berthold Tours.

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